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## THE PASSING SHOWS

IF signs mean anything there must be an anticipation of great art interest among the public, for the dealers' galleries have certainly prepared during the month just passed a large number of attractive exhibitions of more or less artistic value and a few clubs have added to the passing show.

The Union League Club did itself proud last month. The indefatigable chairman of its art committee, Mr. H. B. Wilson, had selected with rare good judgment a score of paintings from Senator W. A. Clark's famous collection. It was an eclectic presentation of the best in art, Corot and Rembrandt, Degas and Breton contributing proof that the very highest art conceptions know no age or school or period, but are harmonious because beautiful. To enumerate the canvases would tempt me to describe each one—for they were worth it. I can only remark that the Breton was better than any example yet seen here of an artist who after all cannot be considered higher than the second grade. The Cazin, "Low Tide," also is one of the choicest products of his brush. The Chardin "Kitchen Maid" had rightly a panel by itself. Nothing should detract from the exquisite delicacy of touch, combined with homely truthfulness. Chardin shows himself in this painting a refined Millet. It possessed all the Barbizon master's great qualities and added thereto are greater distinction and dignity of treatment than Millet was ever capable of.

Rembrandt's "Lady with a Fan" is the portrait of a Dutch girl of vivid reality. It is an early work, as the accessories are more pronounced in handling than we find in the master's later period. Even so, they contribute to the intensity of actuality, as this human document grips us with its living gaze that makes us halt to listen to her words. For thus Rembrandt's brush was able almost to make the canvas speak.

The Perugino "Saint and Angels" is an exquisite example of this Umbrian artist. There is absolute unconsciousness in these figures, a portrayal of "soul life," of spiritual ecstasy. There is the rapt devotion of purity and angelic communing. It is a very symbol of religious ideals.

A "Portrait," catalogued as "Unknown," belongs to the school of Holbein, it may be a de Bruin, although a Holbein attribution may yet prove to be the correct one. It is a beautiful canvas, of rich color, perfect drawing, and in many ways bringing to mind Holbein's "Portrait of Georg Gyze" of the Berlin Gallery.

This will suffice. The twenty-three paintings were culled from Senator Clark's paintings that hang in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

Not all the paintings by William Sartain seen at the Macheth Galleries are to be accorded praise. Some of these, while having distinction of color and tone quality, still leave one unsatisfied by a certain poverty of idea, a hesitation of execution, which is regrettable. There is enough in each one of the twenty-seven pictures shown to arrest attention, but as we listen to the message of some, the whisper is very faint. In some of these canvases there is great strength. The "First Snow" is a strong presentation of nature's white mantle; "The Coming Storm," even too strong in the thundering, black cloud, but otherwise filled with an effective interpretation of forebodings of the hurricane's wild force. The "Sunset" is a brilliant display of Turner-esque color, with magnificent sky reflection; the size of the red disk sinking below the horizon can only be appreciated by ocean travelers.

In figure work we are attracted to the study of the half-figure of an old man, a nude, to which the title "The Captive" has been given. This little canvas is a gem of the painter's art, worthy of all praise. The two heads "Meditation" and "Maria" are excellent, and the interiors, nota-

## The Collector and Art Critic

bly "Boutiques Arabes," have that beauty of Decamps art in Sartain's work, to which I have called attention at other times.

A landscapist of a different mold, Allen B. Talcott, showed his recent work at the Kraushaar gallery. These fifteen canvases have the unmistakable imprint of the "Lyme School" of landscape painters, and they represent the seasons in various moods. The artist, however, infuses more poetry and delicacy of feeling than we usually expect from that Connecticut colony of tonalists. He also suggests the possibility of further development of his talent, which is gratifying, for there is nothing more discouraging than to stand before the work of a young man and have to judge: "He reached his limit." Talcott will be heard from some day.

At the same gallery we find the diverting caricatures by the Duke de Cirella, the "Cir" of "Cartons Mondains." The butts to his sharp wit range from King Edward's intimates to music-hall favorites. His is the true ideal of caricature, which aims with over-emphasis of personal peculiarities to retain still the portraiture of true character.

The Ehrich Galleries have seldom contained as interesting and important an exhibition as that held last month, which was devoted to Italian art ranging from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Ehrich does not search for paintings to exhibit for the sake of the names attached, but for the artistic merit of the work. Thus we find here names, rarely if ever heard of, but here they speak with no uncertain voice of grandeur and impressiveness.

As an instance. How few have ever heard of Liberale da Verona? Yet, we find here a head of St. John the Evangelist that is singularly beautiful and spiritual. It is remarkable for the rendition of the pose of the head, the face turned upward for the heavenly vision.

Turn then to another rare master, Francesco Gessi, or del Cossa, the Bolognese painter. In the "Amor versus Bacchus" we find a rhythmical presentation of wrestling *putti*. There are also works by Pontormo, Berretini, Domenico Fetti, Licinio, Pandovanino—names that impress the need of a Bryan, and yet without a Bryan Dictionary we are convinced of the value of their art expression.

An important addition to the exhibition was the Guardi "Marriage of the Adriatic," a picturesque composition of a crowded gala occasion, depicted without spottiness but with great animation.

Some of these paintings may yet be seen at the Ehrich Galleries.

In the Collins exhibition I was especially attracted to the work of Peters, Pyne, Nasmyth, Vincent and a few other names rarely heard on this side of the pond. Added to these must be a characteristic Morland subject in which he makes beauties of porkers, and his "The Ale House Door," and also some examples by F. Zuccarelli, an artist whose landscapes are skilfully constructed and delicate as well as rich in tone. The portrait of a little girl holding a rabbit, by Lawrence, is done *con amore*, and evidently for the painter's own enjoyment. It lacks the extreme finish of his commission work. It is a studio gem.

The French school is satisfactorily represented by Largillière, Mercier and Latour. It is a mighty good show.

An exhibition of Paul Cornoyer's latest work at the Powell Gallery showed the continuing progress of this artist, who is rapidly becoming the artistic scribe of New York's streets.

This was followed by Herbert W. Faulkner's water colors at the same gallery. We have been familiar with his Venetian scenes, some of these being in this present exhibition. The artist has found, however, a new field in Spain, where he painted the Alhambra under various conditions of light. By official favor he was even allowed

## Passing Shows

to pass the night within these exclusive precincts, and "Night in the Court of Linderaxa," in consequence, gives a rare view of this magnificent place. His "Court of the Myrtles," seen in sunshine and on a gray day, are also highly satisfactory.

The opinion often expressed about Robert Henri's work, was fully endorsed by the exhibition of his work at the New York School of Art, where thirty-five of his paintings, large and small, have been on view. The versatility of the artist, his breadth and vigor of brush-work, his individual note, were all in evidence.

Just when the modern German School is being heralded as one of great importance, it would have been necessary that a first exhibition of modern German paintings held in this city should contain the best products of the Teutonic renaissance.

The exhibition which Mr. Hugo Reisinger provided last month in the National Arts Club did not do justice to the school. The most important painting was Franz von Lenbach's "In Ecstasy," the portrait of a well known Berlin actress, cleverly posed. Lenbach's "Bismarck," was one of the many replicas this artist made of the Iron Chancellor's portrait. The Zügel's—and Zügel is the greatest cattle painter in Germany today—were unimportant, as were three examples of Franz von Stuck. These have the brilliancy of color of the artist, but lack his grandeur of thought. "A Young Girl Reading," by Fritz von Uhde, is the most representative example.

This exhibition would have been more satisfactory after the best had been seen. For this we will have to travel to neighboring cities when the Albright Collection which Dr. Kurtz has collected is on view.

The paintings and etchings which J. Alden Weir showed at the Montross Galleries furnished an artistic delight. There are few painters whose work is so completely satisfying. His is a sincere and honest purpose, while he possesses that

rare quality which may be called "style." His landscape or figure pieces are marked by a sure and dexterous touch that surmounts difficulties and turns everyday scenes into things of beauty. In his etchings this artist shows the same qualities as he does in his paintings: sincerity and knowledge. Several of these fifty plates are of surpassing interest and worthy to aid the revived interest in the art of the burin.

The Knoedler Galleries were rich with attractions this month past. Turning from the Weir etchings at Montross's we step across the avenue and view the line work of Whistler in the Knoedler lower gallery, where the celebrated Theobald collection of London, comprising 241 examples, was on view. This collection shows the full orbit of the master's activity. The daintiness and delicacy of the art of this master dandy, and the power and strength of this giant among men, are seen in their full maturity. How subtly he transposes atmospheric effects, the rainy mist, the sunlit haze, oft the Rembrandtesque arrangement.

We have seen a great deal of Whistler, lately, but the end will soon come, and many will regret having lost opportunities—but why grow *banale* with trite and hackneyed commonplaces? Those who know do not lose opportunities, but complete their collections, or select some souvenir of the great master while they may.

In one of the upper galleries we found a collection of water-colors by H. Anthony Dyer, who has shown work at Knoedler's once or twice before. There is a marked advance in this young artist's work. He is surely finding himself.

In the main gallery there was held an exhibition of thirteen portraits by Emil Fuchs. Originally a sculptor, this artist has of late years been a limner—and with abundant success in pleasing his sitters. His work shows great ability in painting garments and giving a pleased expression to his ladies—but his men are too pink in complexion.

D. C. P.